

The Saturday News

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Jasper's Note Book

Hon. Mr. Oliver's return to his constituency for a few days following the Easter holidays has been responsible for letting the public realize what a change that has come over the spirit of the average Liberal's dream in this vicinity within the past year. He wished to discuss reciprocity and other public issues at a mass meeting and the party executive refused to have anything to do with the gathering.

However, the meeting came off on Wednesday night under no particular auspices and the Minister of the Interior had the opportunity of giving expression to opinions on fiscal matters that everyone was already familiar with.

There is no use trying to make an issue of the reciprocity agreement in these parts. Everyone recognizes that it offers an advantage that the Dominion would be foolish not to avail itself of. But it is also recognized that the Canadian government has purely a nominal role to play in the proceedings which gave rise to the pact and that but for the supreme folly of that wing of the Conservative party which set out to attack the administration for what it had done, when there was little praise or blame that should properly attach to it, the government would not now be able to make capital out of it.

It is Mr. Taft who is entitled to any credit that is to be given. Practically the same result could have been effected at any time by the Washington authorities quite independently of any action being taken at Ottawa.

But Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues have the power of doing much for Canada in the way of fiscal reform. There are changes in our own tariff that should be made and the demands for which they are sidestepping, because they consider that with the reception which has been given the reciprocity bargain by so many of the leaders of the opposing party, they have established a reputation as friends of a low tariff which should be sufficient to pull them through.

They may be right. But such luck cannot last forever. They cannot always continue to tell the voters in the industrial centres of the East that the manufacturers have been well looked after and that nothing more is to be done for the farmers and at the same time have Mr. Oliver and others come west and talk to us about the "interests" that the government is fighting.

If Mr. Borden should be able to secure the upper hand in Conservative counsels, there is every reason to believe, in view of the revelations of the past few weeks, that he would place himself in line with Mr. Laurier and demand the extension of the British preference and the reduction of duties on certain goods that it is very necessary to have supplied of the men, who are doing the real work of nation-building, at as cheap a price as possible. If he came out strongly for that policy, now that Mr. Fielding has definitely told us that the government will have nothing to do with it, it would mark a new era for the Conservative party.

There is no question that the reciprocity arrangement does involve a certain regrettable result, great as its direct advantages are. It is desirable that the trade with the Old Land should not suffer any diminution in volume. Great carrying agencies have been built up to look after it and it is for the advantage of the Empire that it should expand. The obvious remedy under these conditions is to extend the British preference and if neither party shows any desire to take up that policy immediately, constant agitation should be carried on till one of them is brought to see the necessity of doing something. In failing to make a move in that direction at the present juncture, the Conservative leaders are throwing away a chance that will not soon come again.

Mr. Oliver has been accompanied on this speaking trip by Doctor Clarke of Red Deer, who has more than confirmed the splendid impression which he made on previous visits. In another part of this issue there is published an article from the pen of an experienced journalist, in which is strikingly described the influence which Dr. Clarke exerts at Ottawa. It is a matter of no small gratification to the Saturday News to find that he is so thoroughly appreciated. This paper had such confidence in Dr. Clarke's ability to act as an effective spokesman of western sentiment, that it urged long before the last general election that nothing should be left undone to secure him a seat. The Liberals of his own constituency

had the good sense to place him in nomination and after a warm fight he was returned.

It is not as a party man that he has accomplished what he has. In fact from his immediate official leaders he has not received the encouragement that would naturally be expected. The place that he has made for himself is a result of his own personality. He dignifies the whole public life of the country and should have a political future of rare usefulness.

The tragic death of Inspector Fitzgerald and the three members of his patrol near Fort McPherson, having nearly reached that post on their overland trip from Dawson City to Herschell Island, where apparently overcome by sickness, has cast a deep gloom over the whole West, where the service which the Mounted Police have performed in making possible the rapid advance of civilization, that the past two or three decades have seen in this part of the world, is so freely recognized. A more efficient and genuinely heroic body of men does not exist. No one can read the stories that appear year after year in the reports of the force without realizing what tremendous perils the men are engaged in these northern patrols encounter.

Inspector Fitzgerald was one of the most capable and best liked officers. He had risen from the rank and knew his work thoroughly and the loss which has been sustained in his untimely cutting off is very great one.

With the possibility of an extensive negro immigration agitating the public of this part of the world, special interest attaches to certain incidents that occurred recently in the Southern States and which serve to illustrate the horrible nature of the race problem that they have on their hands there.

On February 3 a handsome young woman of 22 was run over and killed by a Tulane avenue car in front of the Hotel Dieu, New Orleans. She was Miss Louise Thibaut, a daughter of Octave Thibaut, who is employed in the United States Custom House. She was a graduate of the McDonogh School, where she had distinguished herself, and an accomplished musician.

One of the newspapers went a step further in describing her and placed an adjective in front of her name that has caused much trouble. It spoke of Miss Thibaut as a young "colored" woman. The family expressed great indignation at the use of the word, and the next day, just after the funeral the brother and brother-in-law of the young woman called on the editor of the paper and demanded the retraction of the word "colored" and an apology.

In Louisiana the word "colored" is actionable at law and more than actionable, for it would be difficult to secure a jury to convict a man who killed another for falsely charging him with having colored blood in his veins. Only recently the leading paper in New Orleans had to pay damages to a minister because of a mistake of this character. A correspondent in describing the minister characterized him as "cultured." The telegraph operator made this "colored." The minister sued for and received damages from the newspaper, and the telegraph company which made the mistake subsequently paid the bill.

When, therefore, the demand was made for an apology for the use of the word "colored" as applied to Miss Thibaut it called for action. The editor, after some discussion of the matter, suggested that it might be definitely settled by a visit to the registry office of births, deaths and marriages. The records showed the letter "C" (colored) against the ancestry of the young woman and the letters "f.w.c." (free woman of color) against that branch of the Thibaut family running back for several generations, even to the "f. l. c." (femme libre de couleur) of creole days. It may be said here of some other old Louisiana families that there are both white and colored branches, the former of which stand high socially in the community.

This was the first tragedy of the young woman's death, but another soon followed and another visit was paid to the Registrar's office and afterward to the courts. A little over a year ago a sister of the dead girl, Alice Marguerite Thibaut, had married Joseph A. Meyer. It was a love match and a happy marriage. The young husband first learned that his wife was "colored" upon the publication in the afternoon paper of the story of the accident to his brother-in-law. There is every reason to believe that the young woman herself had been brought up in complete ignorance of the fact that she had negro

The King and Queen



A recent picture of their Majesties, taken on leaving the National Gallery.



The sovereign used to be conveyed down the Thames in a barge to open parliament. He goes no longer by this mode of conveyance but so persistently is custom that there is still a royal bargemaster who rides at the back of the coach.

(Continued on page eight)



April

(On the Lower Mississippi)

Ole Jack Frost he sneaks, a-creepin',

While Sis' Snow she dwindleth, sleepin',

April's blinking yonder, weepin',

Wid a rainbow 'gin' in her hair,

So dey must be sun somewhere.

Heavy foks lays on de river
Where de greenin' wilers shiver
Till gray blankets wrop and 'kiver
All de tremblin' branches bare-

An' no sign o' sun nowhere.

Bright new ginghamns in de
churches,
Schoolmarm trimmin' limber
birches,
Old man diggin' bait for pycheres,
Hummin' fishes sho to bite,
Ef dis sun don't shine too
bright."Boys an' gals all out a-coatin'
Lots o' fun an' music floatin'
Out amongst de rafts an' boatin';
Oh, dey's plenty sunshine there;
Whether skies is dark or clair!

— Ruth McEnery Stuart.

such houses just at the entry, so
that people will invariably fall
over each other in coming and

ole Jack Frost he sneaks, a-creepin',

While Sis' Snow she dwindleth, sleepin',

April's blinking yonder, weepin',

Wid a rainbow 'gin' in her hair,

So dey must be sun somewhere.

As distinctly as though it were
a moment since, I can remember
standing there, my breath, as the
air, for a moment suspended, and
then a weight settling down on my
heart, contemporaneous with the
wailing of a tiny infant, that came
from behind the curtains, dividin'
me from the other half of the
room.Before the footsteps I could hear
passing rapidly to and fro
above stairs, approached, I had
time to look about for the "wal-
nut" and to find my bearings.I will never see "walnut" again,
but I will think of Dora and Dora's
House. One glance told me the
story. Recollect I hadn't even seen
my "child-wife" to this time, but
as plainly as she afterwards ap-
peared to me, I saw her then. Sav-
her in the satin cushions, gayly
embroidered in chenille and vivid
silks. Saw her in the few pieces
of semi-antique walnut, saw her
in the hitched-up curtains in the
half-brushed floor, in the gay little
attempts at decoration in the
brace-framed family portraits. Fell
her and her little tragedie in that
smothering air, heard her in that
low, weak, baby's wail.Her actual coming was only an
incident. Pretty, over-dressed,
flustered, inadequate Dora.
Will tea-gowns, too, forever
serve as a memorial for her? Tea-
gowns I mean; that scream aloud
that they were part of a wedding-
trousseau, and that they have been
worn so often since, on and out
of occasion, that they are little
else than a bundle of soiled, and
be-draggled lace and finery.Her was, but Dora herself had
summoned all her little anti-mar-
ital arts to her aid, and on her first
entrance was vivacious, coquet-
tish and prettily apologetic.
"Maid's" were so incompetent.
She was dismissing hers. Forgive
the room. Baby was so fussy. She
thought it couldn't be quite well.
Oh yes, I had come about the furniture?I must tell you here, though,
that "Dora" is, and ever has been,
one of my bones of contention
with Charles Dickens. After mak-
ing us love her, Dickens killed
Dora, and did I feel sure, because
he wanted to enlist our sympathies
for "Agnes", and because
he had grown a little contemptuous
of David's "child wife."

I have never forgotten him that

one action. I don't love "Agnes"

— I never will. I hate stained
glass-window saints.

Poor little Peter-Pannish Dora.

Well to explain how I discovered
my child who never grew up, I
must tell you that I had inserted
an advertisement for old furniture
while on a visit in a little town in

Southern Alberta.

Of several replies one particu-

larly caught my attention. It

was very beautifully written in a

man's clear copy-book hand, and

stated that he and his wife had

some "walnut" they wished to dis-

pose of. It could be seen at such

a place, and please to call,

if possible, at such an hour,

when he would probably be home

and could show it to me.

I couldn't just make it at that

hour so went a bit earlier.

My quest took me to a little

house on the outskirts. A mod-
ern house, cramped in by its neigh-

bors; the fence unprinted, and

looking as if grimy child fingers

had often grasped it, for support;

and many boorish penknives had

learned to work on it.

There was no bell or knocker.

I remembered distinctly the cavernous sound I made in rapping, and

the long pause, broken by light,

hasty footsteps running to the

window to reconnoitre, followed

by a rush to the kitchen, before

the door opened.

When it did, he held before me

a big, raw-looking girl, who

would have done for the "Crafter"

of "Liberty Hall."

She asked me to step in, which

I did as best I could, the narrow

box of a hall barely allowing the

two of us to stand abreast at one

time.

I have always wondered why

they always put the staircase in

in the parlor on business. Mr.—
would pay it to-night for sure."Why play any longer, little
Dora. Am I so blind, I don't know
the why and wherefore of the size
of the "home" pieces? Those
"pieces" I myself could never
want—worse luck—since they
were neither modern nor antique.
Just Early-Victorian and solidly
ugly.But the baby, that I could do
something about.Ain't how he breathed it in! and
blessed me with his eyes.To keep him out of doors. She
hadn't tried it.

Would she? Of course yes—

for a day I suppose.

And then he came in.

A tall, kind, good-natured,

long-suffering tired "boy."

He was a book-keeper, who
had lost his position through hav-
ing to stay home sometimes to take
care of "baby."Oh little tragedies of life that
all about us, with only Doras and
Davids to try and solve them. Are
the backs fitted for the burdens?
Are these two children too immature,
too unlessoned to take their places
in a class so advanced that the
brightest boys and girls fall down
in it?How sweet it were, hearing the
downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seemFalling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder
amber light,Which will not leave the myrrh-
bush on the height;To hear each other's whispered
speech;Eating the Lotus day by day,
To watch the crispin' ripples on
And tender curving lines of
creamy spray;To lend our hearts and spirits
whollyTo the influence of mild-minded
melancholy;To muse and brood and live again
in memory;With those old faces of our in-
fancyHeaped over a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut
in an arm of brass!

From "The Lotus-Eaters."

C.C.
à la Grâce
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There is an infinite amount of
charm about the graceful figures

that Sir George Frampton's genius
has brought clustering round the
trunk.

Contrasting with the timidly in the little
figures, the saucy daring of the little girl

fairy, who, having clambered to
Peter's feet, is smiling up archly
into his serious face. The artist's idea
is that the boy represents the play and the tree stands
for the book.

After the Academy exhibition is
over the statue will be cast in
bronze, a process that will occupy
nearly six months, so about this
time next year it will be erected on
the spot where he landed,

from his barge on the Serpentine.
This proposal was accepted with
enthusiasm, and as the gardens are
Crown property the idea was
placed before King Edward, who
welcomed it and afterwards showed
keen interest in the progress of
the statue.

The admirable stone picture
suggested by Sir George Frampton
and now practically completed
will be placed in a broad-rooted
tree, in whose many crevices

live fairies and little things of the
fields and trees—squirrels and
rabbits and mice, timid things that
are coming out into the daylight

at the call of Peter, who, stand-
ing on the tree trunk, pipes in
hand, is playing for them. The
monument stands nine feet high
in all and will be so placed that
it will appear to spring from the
ground.

There will be no base to it. The
children who come to see it, near
where they now feed the ducks,
need not regard it as a statue but
as some delicate, graceful thing

that belongs to them.

lived, as many credulous persons
did, that it would protect him from
rheumatism.

"He has never had rheumatism
since he started to carry it,"
Emerson said one day, "and indeed"
he added, with his wonderful
smile, "it appears to have had
a retrospective operation, for he
never had it before."

"John, didn't you tell me that
all savings banks are run in prac-
tically the same way?"

"I believe I did. What's wrong
now?"

"Oh, nothing, only if they are
all about the same, why did I
have to go to a certain one today
when I wanted to draw some mon-
ey?" —Buffalo Express.

"Did you see Casey yester-
day?" asked Mr. Dolan.

"I did," replied Mr. Rafferty.
"It's him that was walkin' up and
down in front of my door man-

overin'."

"Manooverin', was it?"
"Yes; shakin' his fist and makin'-
in' it clear he felt able to whip
somebody, but bein' careful not
to mention any names." —Washington Star.

**IT WORKED RETROSPECT-
IVELY**

The quiet note was always pre-
sent in Emerson's fun. He had a
friend who carried in his pocket
a horse-chestnut because he be-

THE CURSE OF THE NATION IS CONSTIPATION

"Fruit-a-lives" Alone
Cures This Disease

A famous scientist states that Constipation, or non-action of the bowels, causes more death than all other diseases combined. Constipation, under the Kidneys, ruins digestion, is the foundation of Rheumatism, poisons the blood, causes Headaches, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Insanity.

Constipation is caused by a weak or sluggish liver. Bile, the only purgative of the body, is secreted by the liver, which in its absorption of the acids extracts sufficient bile to move the bowels. Unless the liver is active, there cannot be enough bile to move the bowels regularly, and Constipation is the result.

"Fruit-a-lives", the famous fruit medicine, will always cure Constipation directly. As the liver relaxes the congestion—increases the quantity of bile—and strengthens the bowel muscles.

Send a box, 6 for \$1.50, or trial size, 25c. At all dealers, or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.



SPRING COMING ALL RIGHT

The covers of the magazines are now all reds and golds and greens, all bursting buds and sylvan scenes.

And tinkly little brooks; The covers are all lowing herds swaying trees and singing birds; the dictionary has no words

That quite describe their looks. Seed catalogues are out also, and they will tell you how to know the things it will be best to grow

In your wee garden plot. It seems that every printed thing is full of birds and brooks that sing—is singing chansons of the spring—

Of woody nook and grot.

Books now will tell one of the way to make a dominicker lay an egg or two or three a day.

And seven days a week: On twenty-five by forty feet you can raise roosters up to greet the dawn, and tender chicks to eat.

And if you further seek Within its covers, you may know just how, in but a year or so, to pile up dollars till you grow.

A hefty plutocrat; And eat a porterhouse or two—say how dies that appeal to you? Just do as the book says-to-do.

And you can live like that!

These, not the tall trees burgeoning; these, not the songs the robins sing; these, things like these are signs of spring!

The earth may be all white. The north wind may blow bleak and cold, the earth may look but wan and old, the forest trees stand stark and cold

Against the wintry night, But when the mad March magazines come out in reds and golds and greens, with tinkly brooks and sunny scenes beneath an azure sky,

Then you may know thy, my dear, aloud, so that the world may hear, may shout it in each listening ear:

"Spring's coming by and by!"

The parents of the contributors to the Calgary Herald's children's page must be having a trying time these days. A conundrum competition is in full swing. Think of having a few of the following tried on you at dinner time.

Muriel Gildon writes:

"What is the difference between a sign, a motor and a key?" Answer: A sign is oh dear, a motor, too dear, and a donkey you dear. There is a mill under the mill there is a walk under the walk there is a key. Answer: Milwaukee. He loved her, she hated him, but woman-like she would have him, and she was the death of him. Who was he?"

Answer: A flea. When is a man born? When he's a weak (weak) back. What is the most like a hen stealing? Answer: A cock robbing (cock robin).

Or take this from Arthur Moore:

Crooked as a rainbow, teeth like a cat, and what is that? Answer: Blackberry briar. As I went over London bridge I met a number of people. Some was nice and some was not nice and some was like a chew tobacco. Answer:

Enterprising journalism is all right, but the new institution at Ponoka has already as many inmates in prospect as it can accommodate.

The Vancouver Sun denies

that Mr. McBride would accept a subordinate position at Ottawa.

Investor (angrily).—See here. You told me I'd surely clear between five and six hundred dollars on that subdivision deal.

Broker.—Well?

Investor.—Well, I cleared just \$8.75.

Broker.—Then you've got no kick. That's between \$5 and \$600, isn't it?

A jilted swain confides that he thinks he has received the worst treatment on record. The young woman gave him the mittens one night and the next morning sent back the ring in a parcel marked "Glass, with care."

The death of a man named Dave Moffat calls to mind to an American paper a story it heard about him in Denver ten years ago. He went to Chicago. He was alone and when he stepped

"P-please, sir," wailed little Billy Smith, "it worn't me."

The inspector snorted. The class was the most ignorant it had been to his lot to examine. He strode from the room and outside met the schoolmistress. Angry he narrated the last incident.

"Who d'ye say said that, sir?" queried the mistress.

"William Smith!" snorted the inspector.

"Bill Smith," replied the teacher.

"Then don't yer believe here! E's the biggest liar here! Yer may take my word fer it, 'e"

Not every pun is as good as one credited to a Dublin gentleman of long ago by the author of a recent book, entitled "In Many Lands." George IV on his visit to Dublin in 1821, met at a reception Sir Philip Crampton, Ireland's greatest surgeon.

"In what branch of the service

The Greatest of all Ton WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT (a la Quina du Perou)

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Mrs. Mumps: "Your husband wears 'is 'air terrible short, Mrs. Gubbins."

Mrs. Gubbins: "Yes, the coward!"

from the Pullman into the crowd on the platform a sweet, fluffy young thing threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, dad," she cried, with a series of ecstatic hugs, "Oh papa dear, I'm so glad to—oh!"

She perceived her error and blushed painfully but gloriously.

"I beg your pardon, she stammered. "I thought you were my papa." And she tried to escape into the throng, where she could hide her confusion. But the gallant hero would have none of such. He held her still firmly in a quasi-paternal embrace.

"I am not your papa, it is true," he whispered, tenderly, "but I am going to play 'em fair for a while. Don't try to get away from me, my dear, I'm going to play papa to you until the police come."

When the police came they restored Mr. Moffat's watch and diamond scarfpin to him and led him struggling brother away.

He was a British working man, and he had so many children that he used to call the roll before the Sunday dinner to make sure that they were all there. His wife was bringing in the steaming joint; it was time to begin. A writer in Answers tells the story:

"Erbert!" he cried.

"Ere, pa!"

"Orace!"

"Ere pa!"

"Ezekiah!"

"Ere, pa!"

"Enery!"

"Enery," who had just reached the seventh grade, decided to show off his Latin.

"Adsum!" he bawled.

For a few moments his father regarded him with baleful eyes.

"Oh, you've ad some 'ave yer?" he growled at last. "Well, you just git away, then, and make room for them as ain't!"

The manager of a suburban music hall was testing the abilities of several candidates for stage honors, and this is how he let down one of the most likely to be funny men: "I'm sorry, my boy, but your songs won't do for me. I can't allow any profanity in my theater," he said, not unkindly. "But my dear sir, I do not use profanity," replied the aspirant. "No," asserted the manager, "but the audience would."

"Who signed Magna Charta?" asked the school inspector, thunderously.

The village class sat mute. "Who signed Magna Charta?" roared the inspector again.

is that magnificent-looking man?" asked his majesty.

The gentleman to whom the question was put, was too polite to hint that the king was mistaken in supposing that the distinguished surgeon was a naval or military officer.

"Sir," he replied, "he is a general in the Lancers."

THE NINETY-MILLION BABY

(Montreal Herald)

Conceive of the life of Vinson Walsh McLean, of Washington, D. C. He is now fifteen months old, and the horror of it must be just beginning to dawn upon his innocent infant mind.

The Lloyds brokers who insure his parents against loss by kid-

ning of these ghastly precautions, will strengthen that inherited fear of some vague, impending, unpreventable tragedy. He can never know the joy of self-reliance, of trust in his own courage and his own muscle and his own will to meet any danger that may come; for the perils that threaten

responsibility, not always fully observed on either side, but sufficient to enlist the people against any private attack upon the person of the prince. Between millionaires and the republican peoples there is no such relation at all except that of envy and malice and distrust and contempt.

The parents of Vinson Walsh McLean have insured him, so that they will not lose any money even if he is kidnapped. That is doubtless a great financial relief. If they had wanted to guard the child against terror and mystery and the sense of separation from all the rest of the world, they could have found other and very simple means. They could have, for instance, consecrated eighty-nine millions and their own efforts to any hundred philanthropic works which are crying aloud for money and executive ability. That would have left them and their child the comfortable fortune of a million dollars and the love and gratitude and protection of the entire nation of the United States.

Customer—Morning, Mr. Snips. Do you have any time to talk this morning?

Tailor—Certainly, sir, plenty of it.

Customer—Thanks. I'd like to have thirty days more on that little bill I owe you.—Boston Transcript.

"Have any trouble gettin' into the openin' game, Mickey."

"None. I just goes."

"Don't th' boss fire you?"

"Sure he does. An' I'd nev'r do that. Me fren Skippy."

"Me fren Skippy takes my job. I takes Skippy's.—Cleveland Plain Dealer."

"Gosh, I hate to see the summer come," said the farmer.

"Why?"

"'Coz all summer long madships in a lot of stuff we can't eat ourselves les' to let the city boardwalks think they're gettin' plain home cooking."—Detroit Free Press.



The frustrated Communist: "Just my bloomin' luck! Nice quiet spot; little bog and all—and then, er course, she's gone and got 'er blessed dawg wiv 'er."—The Sketch.

happing have insisted that the upper part of his "pram" be enclosed in a steel cage, and that he never go out without the society of three detectives. His nursery is filled with flexible iron shutters, which are padlocked at six in the evening, and two detectives are all night outside the door of the room in which he sleeps. He is the only son and heir of ninety million dollars.

He lives, moves, and has his being in an atmosphere of fear. Fear is the chief element of his inheritance, more important even than the ninety millions. His father was guarded by detectives as a boy, his mother was constantly under the special protection of the police when a girl. Threatening letters were ordinary incidents of life to him and his grandparents. Everything around him, as he grows up to understand the mean-

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Home and Society

The big society event of Easter week was undoubtedly the last Assembly, given in the Hotel Cecil on Monday evening, when a great many smart folk attended, though there was an unusually large number of attractions on for the same night.

In the Separate School Theatre, the 104th were the hosts of a Military Ball. At the Empire "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" play-

ing charming in a smart black frock with a bandeau of brilliants in her pretty dark hair; Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Waddell, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Wallbridge, Mrs. Nightingale and Miss Hudspeth, Mrs. Ghislain, Mrs. Jamieson, of Strathcona, Mrs. Bowers, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. MacArthur of Wolseley, Mrs. Kenneth MacKenzie, Mrs. O'Kelly, an I among the unmarried set; Miss



An interesting arrangement of black and white on a pale lemon color hat by Weiss. Pink roses skirt the brim.

ed to a packed house and at the Lyceum, the Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club struggled with "The Tyranny of Tears" before a heart-breakingly small audience.

"The Queen, etc." evidently caught the public, who really, if one speaks quite candidly, like that sort of thing.

Regarding the amateurs' efforts, there seems to have been quite a difference of opinion. Generally speaking though, the play, or its presentation, did not make any perceptible hit. Perhaps no severer criticism has been meted out to amateur players, than met their two performances of Monday. Something evidently was wrong, or the public was in a bad humor. One will hope for better luck at their Winnipeg performance, or the trip would appear to be a sorry undertaking.

On Thursday of next week, Miss Cobett's wedding to Mr. Carpenter, and the "Rose Ball" Friday evening of this week will be two very smart events.

Quite a number have gone down to the Horse Show in Calgary, an account of which I hope to run next week.

The Ball to have taken place there on Friday evening, and which was being eagerly anticipated by Shrewd visitors, has been called off, though as yet I haven't learned the why and wherefore.

Speaking of Monday's dance reminds me that while an exceptionally pretty affair, the lights shaded with crinkly rose paper, from a social reporter's standpoint, this very effective feature, made it almost an impossible event to describe. Pink dresses appeared yellow; yellow, white,

As a guessing competition, it would have been an exciting event, but to give an accurate description of Who and What, is certainly beyond me.

I noticed Mrs. Swanson look-

I missed many faces that have been present at most of the assemblies. Neither Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar or Dr. and Mr. Biggar were there. Mr. and Mrs. Scoble, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Lines, Dr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Mays, Mr. and Madame Thibaudau, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hardisty, and many more I could name, were also among the absentees.

The music was excellent and the supper unusually good, so that the last Assembly of the season went out in a blaze of glory, reflecting the greatest credit on those responsible for its getting up, as well as for the entire series, which are delightful memories.

Mrs. Beck and Mrs. Emery, both looking in splendid health after wintering in balmier climes are home once more. Which reminds one that Spring has really come, if the birds of passage are flying north again.

Mrs. Duncan Smith is going East this Saturday to spend a couple of months between Toronto and her old home in Sherbrooke, Quebec. During her absence, the Dr. has leased their house furnished to Mr. and Mrs. Ford who have recently moved here from Regina, with their family. I believe they take possession on Monday.

Mrs. Smith will stay over a day or so in Winnipeg, en route, and will be a spectator of "The Tyranny of Tears" in the Earl Grey Competition, at the Walker Theatre.

On her return in June, she and the children will leave for their annual summer camp.

Mrs. Ewing, Miss Dorothy Somerville, and Mrs. Balmer Watt will be three Edmonton visitors at the Calgary Horse Show this week.

His Honor of course, opened, and is attending the Show. I presume the Premier's family will be among the prominent visitors. Next week I shall be able to tell you more about it.

Miss Florence Lindner, Calgary, is giving a smart supper party after the Show on Thursday, invitations for which have reached several Edmonton visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar are off for a fortnight's holiday to the Coast at the end of next week.

I hear that Mr. Heathcott is slowly recovering from his recent severe series of illnesses at the Oak Bay Hotel in Victoria, where his wife and baby are with him.

Miss Donald Macdonald was the hostess of a tea for her guest, Miss Holland, on Thursday.

(Continued on page 12)



THE "HAREM" SKIRT ON BROADWAY

The three young women in the photograph, who were daring enough to wear the sensational new style in New York recently, aroused so much interest that they had to take refuge in taxicabs.

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Music and Drama

The Edmonton amateurs produced the play in which they will appear next week in the Governor-General's competition at Winnipeg, the first three nights of this week at the Lyceum Theatre. Naturally a production that is to be sent out of the city as representative of the talent of Edmonton has been exposed to a very searching criticism. Some of it, it seems to me, is unnecessarily severe. The choice of the play has been found fault with in some quarters. I, for one, think that it is admirably suited for the purpose for which it is intended. It is not of the class that appeals to the mass of theatregoers but rather to those who appreciate the finer points of dramatic art. "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," which ran as a rival attraction, played to packed and uproarious houses, but no one would argue because it did so that it was representative of the kind of talent that Earl Grey is trying to encourage. That "The Tyranny of Tears" will, in itself, make a strong appeal to the jud-

of the week, "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge" was given an enthusiastic reception. It is full of fun and good music. The principals are all capable and the chorus large and well-trained.

The final concert for the season of the Edmonton Musical Club will be held at the Separate School Hall on Monday evening at 8:15. Among those participating are Mr. Mortimer Johnson, violinist, who in addition to giving a solo number, has also organized a strong quartet for the occasion: Miss Pinckston, Miss Penelope Davies, Mr. Jones, Dr. Munro, Mr. Barford and Miss Bell. Thread-mission will be fifty cent for the general public and twenty-five cents for members of the club.

"British News of Canada" makes this comment on the recent incident in Ottawa when the Sheffield choir sang in the gallery of the House of Commons:

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AN EARLY PRINT OF MALIBRAN

This great singer was born in 1806 and died as the result of a fall from a horse in 1837. She was the most popular singer of her time and a member of the famous Garcia family. She was twice married, first to Malibran and secondly to the violinist de Beriot. The picture is published by courtesy of Mrs. Austin, 210 Cottingham Street, Toronto.

ges, there is every reason to believe.

As to the cast, it could have been stronger, if all the talent which has been brought out in Edmonton in recent years had been available. Unfortunately it was not, but even at that the different roles are in good hands and there is no question that at Winnipeg they will make a showing, whatever the decision of the judges, that will reflect no discredit upon the city. The encouraging part of this week's productions was the fact that there was steady improvement over Monday.

One thing above every other must be impressed and that is the necessity of spending up. In a play with so clever a dialogue as a card should be missed. In several places, the humorous passages were so overdone that they failed altogether to convey the impression intended. The play is, above everything else, a natural one and there is no need to try and force an effect by playing to the gallery. The fourth act is a weak one. There is too much of a tendency when the time comes for philosophizing to become maudlin.

Yet when all this is said, the fact remains that the general conception of the different roles is excellent and that with the advantage of this week's experience, a good showing will be made.

At the Empire for the first part

Sheffield choir is winning fame and doing good as it penetrates Canada. I heard the choir sing in the House of Commons last Thursday—an experience for which I suspect, thanks are due to Mr. Fred. Cook, the Yorkshireman, who has represented "The Times" for many years, and has been Mayor of the city.

It is difficult to say whether the choir received or conferred honor; there is no doubt as to whose the greatest pleasure was. There is a vast difference between Sheffield and Ottawa. The Sheffield accent is like neither the English nor the French that abound at Ottawa. Half the choir are women. There is an unwritten law which says "Suffer not a woman to be heard in your Parlaments." And here pure and clear as the upper air, women's voices gave a startling suggestion of sanctity where, aforetime, had been the raucous drone of controversy, the clash of deep-seated, never-ending hostilities.

The man in the next seat to me called it undignified to turn

a House of Commons into a concert hall. "Imagine this at Westminster," he said, "it would be impossible." Westminster would never permit singing in the House of Commons. But there would be no "indignity" in the thing being done there. If singing is not undignified in the place of the Most High, how can it lower the

dignity of the place in which men exchange thoughts?

A Parliament House is the temple of the human voice. Eloquence is a place within it—albeit truly eloquent speech is exceptional. Along come a band of pilgrims in the Empire; who are eloquent in the more melodious realms of human utterance. What more proper than that when the House had formally adjourned, "O Canada" and "God Save The King" should be sung by the company who are carrying through all the Britains the divinest heart-pollutes ever invented?

When before did a whole Cabinet listen together to the richest melody that their kind can produce? When before, did the crowded galleries of Parliament join the floor in resounding applause? With some folks, anything that is unusual is undignified or improper.

At one time it was thought to be a terrible mistletoe for exalted personages to ride in public vehicles. When railways came those who owned coaches took their coaches with them on the trains. That form of dignity did not endure. I have seen very consequential gentlemen in penny omnibuses.

The following from the Montreal Gazette's account of the concert given by the Sheffield Choir in that city has given rise to much speculation:

"No body of singers," said The Gazette, "which has ever been heard in Montreal, has exhibited so subtle a force of nuance, so delicate a shading, combined with such terrific climatic effects."

Usually when there is climatic effect at our concerts, we simply call it a "frost."

Stepping out between the acts at the first production of one of his plays, Bernard Shaw said to the audience:

"What do you think of it?" This startled everybody for the time being, but presently a man in the pit assembled his scattered wife and cried:

"Rotten!"

Shaw made a curtsey and melted the house with one of his Irish smiles.

"My friend," he said, shrugging his shoulders and indicating the crowd in front, "I quite agree with you, but what are we two against so many?"

Mahlon Ivins, Jr., of Mercantileville, has a reputation as an actor and takes part in nearly all the local shows. In the last show that was given, Shorty had one of the leading parts.

After the show while he was taking off his make-up, an elderly man made his appearance in the doorway.

"Are you Mr. Ivins?" inquired the old man.

"Yes," replied Shorty, as he motioned him to be seated.

"Well," the old man continued, "I just want to tell you something. I've been watching your acting tonight. You would not be playing in this town; you should be with Mansfield, Booth, or Irving, or Joe Jefferson."

"W-w-why," said Shorty,

"those actors are dead."

"I know it," said the old man, as he turned on his heel and left.

—Philadelphia Times.

On Sunday afternoon, April 23, at three o'clock, there will be delivered at the Bijou Theatre on First St. a lecture on Christian Science by Bliss Knapp, C. S. N., and the members of the Board of Lecturers of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass. Mr. Knapp is a well qualified exponent of the tenets of Christian Science, and as the subject is one which has interested thousands of thinking people throughout the two hemispheres it is safe to say that a record house will greet the lecturer.

The Mother Church maintains a Board of Lectures whose duties are to give authorized expositions of the doctrines of the Church in all centres to which they may be called by the local societies. These lectures are free and the public is cordially invited.

STUFFY CAPS AND PNEUMONIA

The board of health of one of the largest cities in the United States has lately pointed out in its bulletin that the local death-rate from pneumonia is entirely too high, and suggests that the

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"Well, does it tell one when to get married?"

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Small boy—Oh yes, they become gorillas when they grow up.

—Woman's Home Companion.

A SUITABLE ACT.

They were talking about the Scriptures, and, of course, he knew of the Bible was deep and more accurate than his.

"In the Bible," said she, "one can find directions for conduct in all the circumstances of life."

"I'm afraid I can't accept that," he replied.

"Why not?"

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Two Pioneers of the Northland

A sketch of the personality of J. K. Cornwall and that of Archdeacon Robins, by Arthur Hawkes in "British News of Canada"

to peopling the Peace River country. It is his religion—he says so. I asked him how long he had stayed away from what we are pleased to call civilization. I have given his answer. He kept his suit of clothes in Edmonton, and used it when he came in, sometimes once a year, sometimes twice in two years—always in the winter, when moccasins were the most comfortable footwear in the little town.

I asked him if he never became lonely in the empty country. "I never get lonely," was the answer. "A tree is company for me. I can sit and look at it, while it tells me things, that, maybe, it wouldn't tell you."

Now, my brother of the Brick-and-Mortar tribe, just turn over in your mind—the notion of a member of a Parliamentary body sitting, gazing at a tree, and holding spiritual converse with it. Sounds ridiculous—wait a minute; not so fast. You see, you don't really know anything about it. The man is speaking a language that you will never understand until you have been where the language is taught.

Go Kill a Tree

Go into some grove hundreds of miles from any permanently located community, where none of your race has ever set foot before. Start with your axe upon some tree and make the chips fly till you begin to think the tree is nearly ready to fall. You stop, glance up at the branches and at the surrounding timber, to see just where the last stroke should go, to throw the tree just where you want it to lie.

You resume chopping, when suddenly you realize that your swinging blows make a terrible noise, that the wind moans a protest as it passes overhead. Presently your mind is divided between watching for the movement that announces the victory of axe and arm, and a half-conscious expectation that a detachment of animals—perhaps a bear, a moose and a fox will slide up to you, and ask why you, little being, dare to disturb the peace of the world.)

And then the tree comes down, crashing and breaking itself, and its neighbors, in a roar of helpless anger. It frightens you, though you would never admit the truth. And then, after glancing around, like some thief who is afraid he is going to be caught, you commence to lop off the limbs of the creature that you have brought low. Albeit there is a half-conscious sense of tragedy in every move you make; and perhaps, as you cut through a limb that keeps the trunk off the ground, the whole body of the tree turns over like a dying man resentful of his fate. You remember that you are three hundred miles from Everywhere!

Picture then, if you can, the sort of contact with the elemental powers, the attributes of Solitude that was ordained from the beginning to become transformed into fruitful business for multitudes, and you will get a glimpse of the fascination of the frontier for those whose minds are frontier minds. Then, you like to picture yourself in the midst of Elemental Forces, and try to know whether you could be in a congenial sphere. You may be able to tell. You may be a born pioneer. In three months you may find yourself at Edmonton, looking for Cornwall.

This Man on the Trail

You meet a man driving a team and wagon load of goods away from town and you learn that he is going into the Peace River country, thence four or five hundred miles from the railway. He hasn't been there before, but he is staking the existence of himself and family on what he has heard. Ask why he is going up there when there is plenty of vacant land nearer the complexities of civilization; and he will give you a reason that is obviously only half a reason.

The fact is, he doesn't know. He has never philosophized about the pioneering instinct. He is obeying it, that is all. Here is the explanation of the filling of the waste places. He is the unquestioned instrument of Providence, even if he does chew tobacco and occasionally swears at his cattle. He is the advance guard of civilization; the creator of trade; the forerunner of destiny. You who talk of Empire; you who think imperially, and have never seen a prairie schooner camp alongside a bluff of tall saplings; you who earn your bread by making things that would not be made if this man did not go forth to make the earth yield increase where she yielded nothing but wildness, during all the uncounted centuries, you, I say, take off your hats to that man, and pray God that all may be well with him.

Yesterday as I was climbing the hill that overlooks Lake Ontario, on the summit of which we live, began to think of Archdeacon Robins of Athabasca. I met him first nearly two years ago, when he was staying with a neighbor. He was on his way to take up pioneer parsoning in the Athabasca and Peace River Country, for a year on trial. He was then vicar of Thorpe-le-Soken, in Essex.

I was able to render Mr. Robins and his wife some slight service and at the end of the year they called on me, on the way to England, to give up Thorpe-le-Soken, and to obtain funds and men to hold aloft the Cross, in the region where Cornwall holds the ballot box.

Apronless Archdeacon

The vicar had become archdeacon, but was not arrayed in apron and gaiters, for there are no ecclesiastical tailors on the Athabasca; and—well, clothes are not an integral feature of the Apostolical succession in regions where, everything being near to Nature, is therefore, close to Nature's God.

Until yesterday I had not seen or heard from the Archdeacon, who is in the Apostolical succession, quite casually—and, but climbing the hill, I thought of him, and wondered whether he had returned to the archdeaconry whose borders he does not know. I had scarcely reached home before my wife said Archdeacon Robins had telephoned to say that he would be at our neighbor's house—in fact, he was only a hundred feet away at that moment.

Soon I was with the Archdeacon, who will be a bishop some day, if the Church is wise. He has had a heavy round of work in England, preaching the gospel of Canada, which is a part of the larger gospel. Other engagements for both of us kept the talk going, which I heard many useful things.

Home sick for Canada

The Archdeacon on shipboard, had been struck by the evidence furnished by Britshers returning to their Canadian homes, of the intense pleasure with which they were journeying away from the Old Land. "They say they couldn't live in England now, much as they love it," fairly sums up the Archdeacon's impressions of many conversations with all sorts of British Canadians—a text for him and a text for me.

Then, he said, there was great anxiety in England about the bearing of the Reciprocity Agreement on the future—a dread fear that it presaged the break-up of the Empire. He had been to Ottawa and was quite surprised to find men in high places earnestly holding the view that the Agreement is good business and good patriotism. Two texts for me.

Further, the Archdeacon remarked that the slowness of British manufacturers to cater for the Canadian market with entirely suitable goods—an old text of mine, which is all the better when endorsed by a wise son of the Church.

Why These Gaitsers?

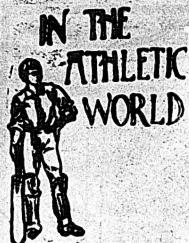
Leaving these important subjects aside, I am going to be impudent enough to submit a few observations suggested by the Archdeacon's uniform. And I shall not beg pardon for doing it, and for being what some people will imagine is excessively intimate, not to say impudent in what I say.

It is quite a change, when you meet a man who, last time you saw him, talked about primitive conditions beyond the Athabasca and who now is clad in high regiments, and has the air of one who has for a long season been receiving the deference which is offered dignitaries of a vast religious institution.

Could I help wondering whether apron and gaiter will be employed, say, on a trip to Peace River Crossing, on which the Archdeacon will help drive his dogs, will help light the camp fire, and will sometimes toss the flapjacks in the fry pan. Clothes don't have very much to do with salvation in the Peace River country. And no clerical is worth his salt who is not infinitely superior to the Looks of Things. Take my word for it. Archdeacon Robins thinks very little of callers and aprons, and the big silk buttons that adorn the cuffs of his coat. The Episcopal Bishop of New York dresses just like a business

(Continued on page 7)





the value of boxing, I take much pleasure in reproducing the following from London Truth, which puts the matter well:

The East London Observer says that the pugilistic youths of White-chapel are having the time of their lives in teaching boxing in Germany. In Berlin and other towns the talk is of "leitwales" and "nocksah." Learned treatises are being written on self-defence,

"To make matters worse, his horse, in spite of his magnificent riding, came in last of all, suffering a most ignominious defeat. When this was learned in London he was severely hauled over the coals, not alone by the foreign office, but also by the late Queen Victoria herself, who intimated her grave displeasure that one of her representatives at a foreign court should have so far have for-

their comrades was all the men could give. The firemen's duty is to get to the fires.

But before the changing of their gongs had grown faint the straps which held the struggling horse in the cellarway had been loosened, and a dozen men pulled the trembling animal up the stairs and to the pavement.

They patted his bruised neck and rubbed his nose. Buckles were snapped in place, and three minutes after the cart first turned the corner it was speeding in the direction of the trucks and engines that had passed it in its seeming slough of despond.

TWO PIONEERS

(Continued from page six.)



Old lady (to Brownley, who has just lost a brand-new ball in the bushes and is in a beast of a temper): You old reprobate! You ought to be ashamed of yourself bird-nesting at your time of life!

"Jack at Play" in the Toronto Globe keeps up the battle against the giving of trophies for competitions outside the regular leagues and at point is always well taken.

In a recent issue he said:

Another new football trophy is sanctioned in Calgary "to represent the championship of Canada." The assumption of authority to decide Canadian championship is now so multiplied as to make the whole affair a laughing-stock. Dominion championships are not to be governed by any individual or private ambitions, however praiseworthy, but by the consent and support of the controlling bodies in the various fields of organized sport.

Is a woman ever a genuine sport? An American baseball manager is quoted as follows:

"There is my wife," he says. "She just about comes up to my shoulder, has a red head and a peaches and cream complexion like a girl of 16, and is full of ginger. If ever there was a true sportswoman she is one. But what does she know about baseball? She has been trailing around with me for twelve years, and since that time and in the days when we were courting she held down a grandstand seat just as religiously as most women go to church."

"For intelligence and common sense I will stick her up against any woman in the land. She knows things I haven't time to learn and will never know. But when it comes to baseball—well, she just can't tell the difference between a foul fly and a three-bagger. And I haven't any false hopes that she will."

"It isn't that they are not interested," he continues. "They can root with the best of them. But they seem to think that the poor 'ump' gives decisions against their team just out of natural meanness, and if someone on the other side pulls off a good play they say he has a mean disposition."

It had been raining for twenty-four hours, and the ground was more like a lake than a football field; but the referee could not see his way to postpone the match.

"Surely you aren't going to make us play in this?" asked the visiting captain.

"Of course you must play," declared the man with the whistle. "Now don't hang about. You've won the toss. Which end are you taking?"

"Oh, well," came the reply with a sigh of resignation, "I reckon we'd better kick with the tide."

—Tilt-Bills.

The Duchess of Yorkshire (who has made a poor drive)—A little too much to the right, I am afraid. Obsequious Professional (who is instructing the Duchess)—Oh, not at all, your Grace; the hole has been cut too much to the left. —Golf Illustrated.

The caddie followed him a round the course, silently, solemnly, but not unobservant. Their wake behind was marked by scars and gashes in the turf. At length he ventured on a tentative remark: "You'll be a stranger to these parts, maybe?" "Well, not exactly a stranger." Whirr, whirr-swhish. And one more gash appeared as a lump of turf soared aloft and came down fifty yards away. "You see," the golfer concluded, "I was born here, but I have been away many years now. All my folks are buried hereabouts." "I'll doot ye'll no' go deep eno' with your driver," remarked the caddie, "ye'd better tak' you iron."

In view of what I have been saying in this department about one Herr Oman attributes

British greatness to the Briton's skill with his fists. "It is a symptom of noble self-reliance," he says, "when a man prefers his fists to a sword or pistol. The British Empire is founded on the black eyes of its enemies."

"What we want," said the peace promoter, "is a system that will permit candid discussion to take the place of actual conflict."

"Don't you think," enquired the man who was reading the sporting page, "that our professional pugilists have come pretty near solving the problem?" Washington Star.

The movement to reform cricket has many obstacles to overcome, many of which are founded on reasonable objections. For instance the County Gentleman says:

"Too much is made of brightening cricket. The spectator who wants exciting cricket receives more than his share of attention, while the man who thoroughly understands the game, the man who appreciates the skill of a clever batsman refusing to be tempted by the most enticing bowling and who understands the clever placing of the field, receives less than his due. Matches are not won by brisk batting alone. Clever bowling, smart fielding and a well-placed field make all the difference between victory and defeat."

How distasteful high office may become to a good sport is illustrated by the following from a cable letter:

"King George has no intention of racing while in India, and the story that he is sending out some of his horses to take part in the Calcutta races at the time of his visit, is without a shadow of foundation. Of course, the appearance of the royal colors on the Calcutta Maidan would be hailed with satisfaction by the English element there. But it would be a most dangerous experiment, and inevitably would be attended by a loss of the dignity and prestige of the Kaisar-i-Hind, in the eyes of the natives."

"Indeed Lord Minto, while viceroy of India, sacrificed much of his authority in personally taking part in the sports and pastimes of the crowd, in riding races and competing in gymkanas. It would be very well if victory were assured all the time to the sovereign or to his representatives. But there is always the danger of their suffering defeat."

"The late Lord Vivian, who died as Ambassador at Rome, almost wrecked his diplomatic career, while British plenipotentiary in Egypt, by an incident of this kind. He was a magnificent horseman, and had in England won many races as a gentleman rider. On one occasion, during the reign of Khedive Ismail, he was induced to take part in some races at Alexandria, and appeared on the race track in the silk shirt, cap and boots of a jockey, to the amazement of the dignitaries present."

gotten what was due to his office and to his dignity as to posture in such a costume at a race course, and to subject himself to the jeers and ridicule which ordinarily attend the defeated riders on Oriental race courses."

(Continued on page eight)

QUICK WORK

It would be interesting to know how many times in a fireman's life his quick eye, strong arm and clear head work together to make possible such an incident as that described in the New York Mail and Express, by which two lives were saved. The driver of the fire-engine had steadied his leaping horses as he turned from the avenue into the street. Behind came a hose-cart, the team galloping like mad. The engine rounded the curb and started eastward, trailing black smoke and blazing cinders.

With small lessening of speed, the cart pointed for the turn. The trial was a reckless one at best, a circus performance with two wheels in the air and two scudding the pavement.

Carnegie Hall was near. It was to concern night. The crossing was unpatrolled, and a man and a woman stood bewildered in the

man, in which, I take it, he is strictly in the Apostolic succession. Peter and John and Paul were glad to wear anything they could get.

Plenty of Buttons

Don't stop reading, if you feel it seems scarcely respectful to talk about an Archdeacon's apron and gaiters. Is it not responsible? Think a moment. Why is so difficult a costume retained in 1911? Is it not, therefore, part of the calling? Why should an archdeacon wear it, and a canon not wear it? And if there is any reason at all for wearing a particular kind of clothes and a plenty of buttons, is it not because it is intended that notice should be taken of it? "Living epistles, keep and read of all men." Gaiters, I take it, are worn by archdeacons, in order that their daily walk may be the more carefully headed by their flock.

It is for dignity that spindleshanks as well as rounded calves are put into tightly-buttoned gaiters which must be very uncomfortable in the heat of the summer? Is it for humility's sake? Or is it partly for custom's sake? It cannot be to distinguish the wearer as a follower of the Lowly Nazarene,—the clerical collar does that conspicuously enough.

Let Clergymen Be Natural

Archdeacon Robins doesn't wear garters when he is out with a dog team. (It is then that he is most of all like Him who said, "Foxes have holes"—you know the rest)—why should Archdeacon Robins wear garters when he is where there is more need, amid the perils and vanities of the world, for humble freedom from every form of worldly power?

It will be said, of course, that the practice of the Church gives the clothes of clergy a time-honored distinction. True enough. But does it not tend also to give

her wits' end to fill in the hour prescribed for her lesson.

An idea!

"Now girls, I want you all to take pencil and paper and write down the names of your favorite hymns."

A pause, interrupted by a piping voice: "Please, teacher, are we to write the Christian or the sur-

names?"

CANNOT FAIL TO INTEREST WOMEN

ALBERTA LADY TELLS OF HER CURE BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Was weak nervous run-down and suffering from Rheumatism—Dodd's Kidney Pills made her a new person.

Beauvalon, Alta., April 17 (Special)—Women who are nervous, run down and suffering from Rheumatism cannot fail to be interested in the case of Miss Gertrude E. Reymone of this place. She was exactly in that condition. Today she is as she puts it herself, "a new person." Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Here is her statement given for publication:

"My Kidney Disease started from a cold two years ago. Rheumatism set in, and I was weak and nervous, and in a run down condition. I was attended by a doctor who did not appear to understand my case. Three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made a new person of me."

Is not Miss Reymone's condition an exact description of nine-tenths of the ailing women of Canada? The doctor did not understand her case. It was simple enough. It was Kidney trouble. And Kidney Disease is the great cause of women's troubles. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure it.



The Man with the Pie (after tasting): If you're thinkin' o' gettin' married, Bill, take my bloomin' tip—love ain't everythink. —The Sketch.

centre, while the horses rushed towards them. No one in the crowd saw the swift jerk of the driver's arm as he put all his strength into the guiding line of the near horse.

The forward wheels of the cart jumped the curb; there was a crash when the pole of the wagon smashed through the plate-glass window of a saloon, then more crashing.

The bay horse was jammed over an iron railing and into a stairway, where he tumbled nearly to the bottom. Struggling for a foothold, and pawing, the gray, his mate, wavered on the brink. The driver stood fast.

A fire-truck came racing into the street, behind it an engine, and closing in on both the light wagon of a battalion chief. An instant's glance at the predicament

an antipathy to the clerical relation? It is considered quite proper for a cleric to want to know about the condition of my immortal soul and its relation to its Master. But the friend of the Cleric, who arrays himself in certain garments that all men take heed of them, and attach some importance to them, or to him, because of them, is scandalized when I talk about garters and aprons, as if imposing creations of the tailor, were the Lord's anointed.

The fact is we don't give much importance to the clerical relation. We act as if between them and us there is a great gulf fixed, and if we act as if the gulf isn't there, they are apt to act as if it is. One of these days I shall suggest a mission to the clergy. —British News of Canada.

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A SERVANT GIRL'S CHOICE OF AN EMPLOYER

(Berlin correspondence London "Daily Mail")

A domestic servant at Heidelberg advertised for a position as cook and maid of all work, announcing that she would be glad to receive offers of employment in keeping with her special talents. Forty-five replies reached her.

Forty were cast aside as unworthy of notice either because of insufficient wages or because the mistress lived in an "undesirable" locality or higher than the second story.

The five ladies on whom the servant decided to bestow her favor temporarily received notice that she would do herself the pleasure of calling on the succeeding Sunday between 2 and 4 o'clock.

She devoted the afternoon to informing herself as to the manner of living in each family, the regular periods at which rises in wages might be expected, the amount of entertaining done, the character and value of gratuities and presents customarily given to servants, how many free evenings a month were allowed, and how long a summer holiday might be expected.

After imparting the desired information the ladies were informed that their offers would be taken into consideration, and decision given by post. Four of them got the following note the next morning: "I regret to be compelled to inform you that my choice has not fallen upon you."

CONFESIONS IN CLASS

Scene: A Sunday school. Discovered. A class of damsels biting at their pencils, and a teacher al-

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK
 (Continued from page one)

blood in her veins, for she had gone to a white school and had associated only with white boys and girls.

However that may be, the accidental discovery of the negro strain in the wife completely changed the situation. Not only does the law of the State render such a marriage null but the concubinage law punishes severely with imprisonment the white or the negro who keeps up such relations. If Meyer, therefore, insisted on living with the woman he had married against the laws of Louisiana, but through ignorance on his part, if not on hers also, he was liable to indictment, conviction and punishment for concubinage.

He came to court therefore suing not for a divorce but for a declaration of the nullity of the marriage. The new concubinage law of Louisiana does not fix the degree of negro blood necessary to make a person "colored," hence any proved admixture of negro blood makes a marriage with a white person invalid. There can be no defence in this suit for annulment of marriage, for the plaintiff, Meyer, says that he has made a thorough examination, independent of the registry office, of the parentage of his wife and finds there is no doubt as to her being of mixed blood, although she and the other children were brought up to believe they were white.

Nor did the tragedy end there. The brother of the girl killed in the accident and of Alice Marquerite is a student in the McDonogh School, a white school. He stood well there and was to have graduated into the high school this year, but the exposure makes this impossible, and he must give up his educational ambitions or enter a negro school. It is perhaps needless to explain that nothing is more offensive to people in this condition, brought up to believe themselves white, than to be compelled to associate with negroes altogether; they feel it more than the pure whites when they are thrown back while trying to escape their social and racial condition.

As usual in cases of this kind, the affair is not likely to end with the Thibaut family. The fact that this family with negro blood in its veins has been able to force its way into white society, to have the children brought up in white schools, to associate altogether with white people and to marry the elder daughter to a white man, in violation of the laws of Louisiana, naturally created the impression that other families might be doing the same thing. Hence there has been an overhauling of old registry records to separate the sheep and the goats, to detect the "white negroes" who have escaped from racial environment and forced their way into wholly white circles.

It is understood that an investigation is under

way that will result in furnishing a list of the children with colored blood now attending white schools, accompanied with a demand for their expulsion. Such a list will cause such a rattling of old skeletons far more demoralizing than was brought about a year ago, when the District Attorney began the prosecution of all violations of the concubinage law.

The effect of the taint of negro blood was the subject of one of the strongest plays produced last year at the New Theatre in New York, entitled "The Nigger," the story of which was told on this page at the time. A successful young politician, after his election to the governorship of his state, has his career ruined by the use which an enemy makes of the fact that he is an octoroon, of which he himself has been brought up in complete ignorance. One has to see such a play to realize how ugly such a situation can become.

The confession by the young girl, who alleged that she had been attacked, while alone in the house, by a negro, serves to show once more how unjust many of the aspersions that have been cast upon the negroes as a race are. She had lost the ring which she declared the negro had taken from her and the police finally wrung from her the statement that she had trumped up the story which she told simply to save herself from punishment. If this could happen in Edmonton, with the mild state of excitement that the arrival of a few hundred negroes has caused, it is not difficult to understand how such incidents have multiplied in the south. The slightest suspicion has often been sufficient to lead to the lynching of a black and there can be no question that scores of them have been most unjustly done to death.

The immigration that has started to this country is a mistake from every standpoint and it cannot be allowed to attain large proportions. The Edmonton Board of Trade went clearly on record to this effect at its meeting on Tuesday afternoon. But those that have already come should be treated with respect and given every chance to lead the lives of decent, industrious citizens. Any imitation of the spirit that prevails in the south would be directly contrary to that which pervades our institutions.

Even the musical comedy producers are helping along the work of our publicity departments. In "The Pink Lady," which a New York despach says is the best thing of its kind that has been produced in years, there is a song entitled "My Girl by The Saskatchewan." The effect of this is not to be sneered at. It serves to fix the name in some people's minds and make them enquire as to the location of the river, as nothing else could.

tends somewhat to vulgarise men as controversialists. But Dr. Clark has emerged from the ordeal unscathed. His geniality is unimpaired. His humor has perennial sparkle. His capacity to appeal to the deeper sympathies of a great popular audience has been proved and developed. He is a hard hitter, but he bestows his blows with a wholesome impersonal flavor, which does not weaken their effect and yet leaves no embittered recollection.

There is one quality, unfortunately somewhat rare in parliament which Dr. Clark possesses in ample store. He is magnanimous. He can tolerate a gibe, and he does not resent criticism. His lonely fiscal creed brings him full many a thrust. His theories are frequently pilloried and assailed. These incidents do not disturb his equanimity, or shake his conviction. It is, of course, quite true that a shrewd sense of gratitude should keep the Red Deer man from feeling resentment at the oratorical brickbats which unbelieving members hurl at his head. They form no small part of the pedestal which enables him to command the gaze of the House. When Artemus Ward's steed was weary, he hung a hornet's nest upon its tail "to kinder encourage him." The perpetual roasting which Dr. Clark undergoes at the hands of Canadian high protectionists does him a similar service. And he is a big enough man to disdain to regard difference of opinion as a personal offence, and to recognise the intellectual honesty of those who regard his policies with detestation.

Mr. Clark was concluding his address, when someone touched the writer on the shoulder. It was one of the deans of the press gallery, wise from long experience "Look at the Chief," he whispered.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was sitting with his back turned to the Mace, facing the Red Deer man. He was drinking in every word. Ever and anon a flashing enigmatic smile heralded a smile, while a clinching argument set the Prime Minister to vigorously tapping on his desk.

The newspaper Nestor leaned down again, "Free trade, or no free trade," he murmured sotto voce, "that man is marked for preference."

And all this was, of course, before Dr. Clark had been selected to accompany certain of the Cabinet ministers on what is known as their reciprocal trade education campaign in the various eastern conservative Canadian cities—H. W. Anderson, in Canadian Courier.

CLARK, OF RED DEER

A Distinctive Personality at Ottawa

The reciprocity debate lagged. The oratorical cannonade had become desultory. The Big Guns had roared—and ratted. And now, from the outworks, the inconsequential artillery was spattering a feeble repetition. The House of Commons had settled itself good-naturedly, with the lack-advisal toleration which is its own, to wait—until the industrious Back Benchers did their labored talking to Hansard. Interest had paled. Most of the Ministers had hurried from the Chamber to attend to the demands of their departments. Members availed themselves of the opportunity to "catch up" their correspondence, read the newspapers, or wander off for a sociable smoke. Occupants of the press gallery busied themselves getting their despatches into shape, or lounged lazily over the latest periodicals.

Of a sudden there was a change. Calls buzzed in the press room. Somebody was beginning to make live "copy." The House began to fill. Ministers followed one another back into the Chamber. The Opposition leader, pen behind his ear and sheaf of papers in his hand, hastened to his place. There was a steady stream in through the members' entrances. Correspondence was discarded, newspapers were cast aside. The Commons was at attention again. Front-benchers on the Government side gradually heaved to twist their chairs to one side to view the speaker. The Prime Minister frankly turned his completely round. And all because a few page boys had carried through

the corridors: "Clark, of Red Deer, is up!"

For Dr. Michael Clark is one of the distinctive personalities in Canada's Parliament. When he speaks there are no wasted words. He is rarely upon his feet for very long, but while he is there he invariably commands the undivided attention of the House. He has something to say, and he says it; says it without trimmings and verbal embellishments; says it with conviction—his own conviction and, very shortly, the conviction of those to whom he is talking. Dr. Clark will always convince, though he may not invariably convert. He is, first and last, a logician. He sends men away thinking.

The intellectual quality of the man is high. In the House he has won a unique place for a newcomer. He is a bit of a philosopher, thoughtful and reflective, with an occasional dash of pessimism alternating with longer glimpses of a happier faith. No one can listen to him, or even read his speeches, without feeling that he is a vigorous swordsman in debate. He is flashingly effective at times, and can take a vigorous part in the typical parliamentary meleé without permitting his finer sense of British debating ethics to degenerate. "Whenever you hear a head, hit it," has come to be too much the mot d'ordre of the Canadian parliamentarian. If the Apostle had fought constantly instead of once in a way with the wild beasts of Ephesus, the apostolic character would have gradually merged in that of the gladiator; and perpetual participation in the amateur ranks. The most rigid investigation is to be made of each case.

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THE ISLAND OF YAP

Reuter's Agency says that 425 rebels from the Caroline Islands have been banished to the Island of Yap.

I've travelled o'er land and o'er ocean;

I'm quite an intelligent chap;

But I have to confess I'd rather know less

Than nought of the Island of

Yap.

Is the climate beneficent, balmy?

Or are you expected to wrap Yourself to the throat in your new fur-lined coat

In the beautiful Island of Yap?

Do the people adopt Local Velo? Or do they keep whiskey on tap?

Does the wild Suffragette with her goings-on get

On the nerves of the natives of Yap?

Do they worship the drama and music,

Or are they not caring a rap For the mummies who mum, and the strummers who strum,

In the beautiful Island of Yap?

Are they fond of the quip and the story,

And all your best jokes do they cap,

After dinner or lunch, from back numbers of Punch,

Which they take, in the Island of Yap?

But if this kind of weather continues

(George Willam, just hand me the map)

I will take the next train, to get out of the rain,

To the beautiful Island of Yap.

—London Globe.

The Shoe Repairing work that
is talked about is done by
The Progressive Shoe Repair Co.
corner 9th and Jasper

The Saturday News

SECOND SECTION

The Investor

The land office continues to be the main centre of interest in the city. The coming of two government holidays in the middle of the rush of immigration caused some inconvenience and on Saturday and Tuesday record crowds were gathered there. On the latter day no less than 101 applications for homesteads were recorded.

The character of the newcomers continues very high. The one in the ointment is the negro immigration. Up to the present it has not attained such volume as to cause alarm in itself. What is feared is that it will each year attain larger proportions. That the movement is an extensive and well-organized one is apparent and unless active steps are taken to curb it before next year, this part of the West is going to be seriously affected. The Board of Trade is taking the matter up with Ottawa. What Secretary Fisher told the Board at this week's meeting is absolutely convincing, as to the need of having something done. It is not a case of race prejudice on the part of the people of Edmonton. The question as to whether the negroes are good or bad people to live alongside of need not be debated. All that we have to deal with is the fact that this prejudice, reasonable or unreasonable as it may be, keeps out the most desirable class of settlers from districts where the negroes are numerous and we cannot allow our progress to be held back by any such influx of colored people as we are now threatened with.

At a meeting of the Canadian

Club on Wednesday Hon. Frank Oliver spoke in the most enthusiastic terms of the Mackenzie country which he visited last summer.

"The country is there, gentlemen," he declared, in conclusion, "and the welfare of Canada will be stupendously enhanced in years to come by its development. I would say that there is room north of Edmonton for as many people as are now living between here and Winnipeg."

This is an opinion which has been expressed over and over again and backed up by the most indisputable evidence. Why then should there be any delay in securing transportation facilities for the two hundred odd miles that a railway would have to traverse before the great northern waterway is reached which would tap the territory tributary to it along the two thousand miles and more of its length? The question has aroused a great deal of political heat but it is one that so intimately concerns the welfare of all who have a stake in Edmonton and indeed in the whole province that ordinary political considerations are not being applied to it.

Senator Edwards, the well-known Ottawa lumberman, who is also president of the cement merger, was in Edmonton this week with F. B. Jones, the general manager of the cement corporation, looking into the question of securing Edmonton coal for the plants in the south of the province which are suffering through the strike in the Crow's Nest.

Mr. Lionel Gibbs is keeping up the good work with his town planning campaign and is meeting with a very large measure of success in his efforts. He addressed the Trades and Labor council this week and had the satisfaction of having his ideas given an enthu-



Third in the order of seniority among Edmonton managers comes Mr. John Anderson of the Union Bank of Canada. Mr. Anderson entered the service of that institution in his home city, Quebec.

Soon after he was transferred to Winnipeg, where he remained six years. After three more in Calgary, he came to Edmonton to open the branch here in 1900, when the town had a population of about 2600. Under his guidance the business of the bank has shown constant development and it has been no small factor in the commercial expansion of the city. At the end of the present month the staff moves into splendid new quarters further west on Jasper, facing Howard, abandoning the building which has been occupied from the first.

Personally, there are few more popular men in Edmonton than "Jack" Anderson. He is not the type of citizen who likes to be always in the limelight, but in his quiet way he has been able to do very effective work on behalf of the community in which he has made his home for the past eleven years.

Among his customers, though he is always on the job for his bank and never for a moment loses sight of its interests, his name is a synonym for courtesy and fair dealing and genuine regard for their welfare. A man who can occupy the post that Mr. Anderson has during so trying a period in the growth of a new western town and at the end of it preserve the good-will of those with whom he has had to deal to such an extent as he has, is no small asset to the institution with which he is connected.

sastic approval.

The syndicate which proposes to develop the marl deposits west of Edmonton will start construction on the plant on May 1st. Between 50 and 75 men will be employed on the work of erection.

Charles E. Taylor, general manager of the Crafts & Lee mines at Tosfield, has returned from the Old Country where he completed the purchase of \$50,000 worth of machinery. The company expects to turn out 600 tons per day after the first of June.

J. H. Morris and Co. have purchased the Sandeman block on Jasper Ave. East, now occupied by Graydon's drug store and the Palm Cigar store, with the rooms above for \$125,000. This is at the rate of \$1250 per front foot.

Lots 45, 46, and 47 in Block 3; River Lot 12, being the triangular shaped property on Jasper East where the old immigration hall stands, were sold this week by J. H. Lyons for \$27,000, the names of the purchasers not being disclosed.

The lot adjoining the Wize Block, between Sixth and Seventh streets on the south side of Jasper, was sold this week for \$850 per front foot, the purchasers being G. R. P. Kirkpatrick and D. J. McNamara.

It looks as if the area tapped by the G. T. P. line north on Twenty-First street might become a considerable industrial and distributing centre. The Imperial Oil Co. has decided to erect a \$60,000 warehouse on a property it recently secured in that vicinity while Cushing Bros. this week took out a permit for a \$24,000

factory on 19th St.

H. P. Eckhardt, in discussing western growth in the Monetary Times makes these interesting comparisons:

As regards the number of bank branches, the growth or development may fairly be described as marvellous. At the end of 1889 there were in all Canada 402 bank branches. These were divided between east and west as follows: Western branches—British Columbia, 9; Manitoba, 13; North-West Territories, 4; total, 26. Eastern Branches—Ontario, 231; Quebec, 60; New Brunswick, 32; Nova Scotia, 47; Prince Edward Island, 6; total, 376. Thus, twenty-one years ago the bank branches were practically all in the East. The West had but 6½ per cent, while the East had 93½ per cent.

Let us now examine the position as it appeared ten years later, at the end of 1899. The whole number of branches had in this period increased from 402 to 663. The increase, 261, represented a gain of about 6 per cent. At this time the branches were disposed of as follows:—

Western.—British Columbia, 41; Manitoba, 50; North-West Territories, 19; Yukon, 2; total, 112.

Eastern—Ontario, 321; Quebec, 113; New Brunswick, 34; Nova Scotia, 74; Prince Edward Island, 9; total, 551.

The West here showed a striking gain in percentage. It claimed 17 per cent. of the whole as against 6½ per cent. in 1889, while the Eastern percentage fell to 83.

Examining the position at the end of 1910 we get the following:

Western.—British Columbia, 169; Manitoba, 190; Saskatchewan, 272; Alberta, 189; Yukon, 3; total, 823.

Eastern.—Ontario, 952; Que-

To Own a Home

gives a man a standing in his community; makes him a better citizen and establishes a credit. Why should you not better yourself? Have a standing and the respect of your fellow citizens. Start in now by buying a lot in

LOTS \$90.00 UP

BARTON

ARTHUR BLOOMER

(Owner)

115 JASPER AVE. WEST.

\$10 Cash
\$5 Per Month

Open Evenings

No Interest
and no Taxes

Open Evenings

PHONE 4321

Get your property in this list. Write, Phone, or Call at this Office

FAR & 8 OF ALL SORTS

FORT SASKATCHEWAN
W. 1/2 of W. 1/2, 16-55-22, W.
4th 18.00 Per Acre
Two miles north of Fort Sas-
katchewan. Excellent piece
of wild land, in the centre of
good wheat growing country.

FORT SASKATCHEWAN
N. W. 12-54-23, W. 4, \$3000
One-third cash; 30 acres broken,
80 acres cleared; fenced
on two sides; barn and well.
This property is two miles

south of Fort Saskatchewan.
FORT SASKATCHEWAN
R. L. 28, 12 and 1, \$20. per
Acre.

930 acres facing on the Sas-
katchewan river, part of it ad-
joins Fort Saskatchewan
Townsite. Running stream
through property, mostly
open land. This land is
worth at least \$25 an acre.
\$5000 cash, balance over ten
years.
SECTION 23-50-1, W. 5th
\$12.50 per acre

448 acres of wild land, nearly
all clear, slopes south to Sas-
katchewan River, and includes
two islands. Coal and Sand-
stone outcropping on river
bank; mining Rights can be
bought from the C. P. R. for
a few dollars per acre, \$1,000
cash, balance arranged.

**N. E. 12-52-16, W. 4th, Half
Section, \$9.00 per acre**
15 acres broken; house 14x
16, granary 10x12; half mile
of good wire fence. Land
nearly all clear. \$500 cash,

balance easy terms.
**SECTION 31-51-25, W. 4th,
Whole Section, \$26 per acre**

All good land, 75 acres hay
land, balance nearly all clear.
Some spruce and poplar, \$500
cash, balance arranged at 7
per cent.

**H. B. R., SEVENTEENTH ST.—
Eight-roomed House, Fully
Modern \$5200**
Very superior fittings and ap-
pointments; maple floors,
built in fireplace; splendid

view of river. Lot is 25x150
Easy terms.

BROOKLYN
8½ Acres, Price \$3000
Streets on three sides, close
to Namayo Avenue, splendid
soil, this is excellent for mar-
ket gardening and later will
make a good subdivision.
This is one of the best buys
we have, and you will do well
to look into this, \$1325 cash,
balance 6 and 12 months.

ARTHUR BLOOMER Phone 4321. 115 Jasper Ave. W.

bec, 351; Nova Scotia, 109; New Brunswick, 21; Prince Edward Island, 15; total, 1,498.

Thus at the end of last year the Western percentage was 35%, the Eastern 64%. The Western provinces now have more than half as many branches as the Eastern provinces possess.

Truth, Labouchere's famous weekly, at the invitation of the Canadian immigration authorities, has been conducting an independent investigation into the department's work there. The article this week covers several

pages and is entirely favorable regarding the methods and honesty of the department dealing with intended emigrants.

Perhaps the most significant comment is as follows: "If the conditions of life and prospects for the future in the Canadian Northwest are sufficient to induce American farmers to sell up their homesteads and cut themselves off from kin to make themselves new homes in a new country, it is not likely that starvation and destitution will await the British emigrant when exactly the same chance is offered him."

WILKIN & MCKINNON

Jas. A. McKinnon

W. L. Wilkin

We have a large demand for west end residences.

If yours is for sale we would like to have a listing of it. We would like you to call at our offices or telephone us. We want houses to rent in any part of the city.

WILKIN & MCKINNON

Telephone 2424 Rooms 117 Windsor Block

FOR SALE

Great Estate—Double corner being Lots 1&2 Block 12 James St. now 23rd St. & Athabasca Ave. Cash \$4,500 or on terms.

Apply Owner, Box 78.
Saturday News

W. D. Scott, superintendent of Immigration, who has returned to Ottawa from his annual visit to the Old Country, states that he has never seen anything like the real enthusiasm which the mere mention of the name of Canada creates in Great Britain on any previous visit. He expects the greatest immigration from Great Britain this year in the history of the Dominion. He says it is impossible to book either a steerage or a second-class passenger on any direct steamer bound for Canada for some months to come. In addition to this many others are coming via New York and Boston. Mr. Scott predicts that there will be at least 175,000 immigrants, as against 112,000 last year. Most important of all is that the quality of the immigration is improving. He regarded those who came out with him on the same steamer as the pick of the people.

It was announced last week in Winnipeg by assistant land commissioners of the C. P. R., J. L. Doupe, that in all probability lots in the new townships on the branch from Regina to Colonsay would be offered for sale by auction at Saskatoon on or about May 10 next. The names of the townships are as follows: Liberty, Stalwart, Imperial, Simpson and Aragon.

Mr. Doupe also commented on the wonderful growth of existing townships and stated that additional surveys of property would be necessary at many Saskatchewan and Alberta towns, among them being the following: Kerrobert, Outlook, Wilkie, Webb, Morse, Tompkins and Forres in Saskatchewan and Alix, Daysland, Killam and Walsh in Alberta. Several important subdivisions of C. P. R. property are also in progress at Calgar.

An officer of the Winnipeg Real Estate Exchange, in speaking of the practice of multiple listing which so many owners of real estate follow, says:

"Owners of property for sale who wish to get the best results

and get the assistance of members of the exchange in selling the property, are urged to list with a single agent. It is a mistake to believe that listing with several agents increases the chances of making a sale. What is, every one's business is no one's, and an agent cannot afford to properly advertise and otherwise push the sale of a particular piece of property unless he is reasonably sure of getting his commission in case of sale. Moreover, every purchaser wishes to buy at the lowest price. He will naturally deal with the agent who can offer the property cheapest, which puts a premium on price cutting and invariably results in a loss to the owner. An exclusive listing not only prevents price cutting, but is an incentive to the agent to devote his best efforts to putting the property on the market advantageously. It also enables him to deal freely with other agents in connection with the property, on the basis of co-operation instead of competitive price-cutting."

One of the big real estate transactions of the past week was the selling of the Pringle ranch at Alix. The ranch is situated near the town and has been owned by A. H. Pringle for some time. It is 1,200 acres in extent.

The deal was made through the offices of F. C. Lowes and company, and the price was \$142,000 for the 1,200 acres. The purchaser is an English investor.

A reader contributes the following:

Some time ago, when journeying westward from Edmonton along the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to Edmonton, a remark made by the conductor struck me as being forcibly true. As the train was rushing along the edge of the shore of Lake Wabamun the observation was made: "This is the prettiest lake between Edmonton and Edson." Wabamun means "looking glass," the water being so clear, but it was once called "White Horse" Lake. It is about fourteen miles long and varies from two to five broad, running

east and west. The train hugs most of the northern shore and it rounds some pretty bays on the way. South of Falls a peninsula almost a mile wide and quite a quarter of a mile in width, terminating in what is known as "Coal Point." The depot of Falls lies snugly in a vale and is very sheltered. Trains arrive from the city at 9 a. m. and leave at 7:30 p. m.

for the city daily. The neighborhood is the annual happy camping ground for many of Edmonton's prominent citizens in summer and this year there is evidence of this resort having "caught on."



Under the Gracious Patronage of

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY King George

MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE EMPIRE

President—His Excellency Earl Grey, P. C. G. C. M. G.
Direction of Dr. Charles Harris.

First visit to the West of the greatest band of Singers in the world, the famous

SHEFFIELD CHOIR 200 VOICES

Conductor: Dr. Chas. Coward
in a Two days' Festival of Music at the

McDougall Auditorium
Tuesday and Wednesday
May 9th and 10th

9-SOLOISTS-9

Sea: Plan at Harmony Hall,
The George H. Sacklin Piano Warehouses.

Opens Wednesday, April 26th.
Tickets, \$3 and \$2
Railway Excursion rates from all outside points.

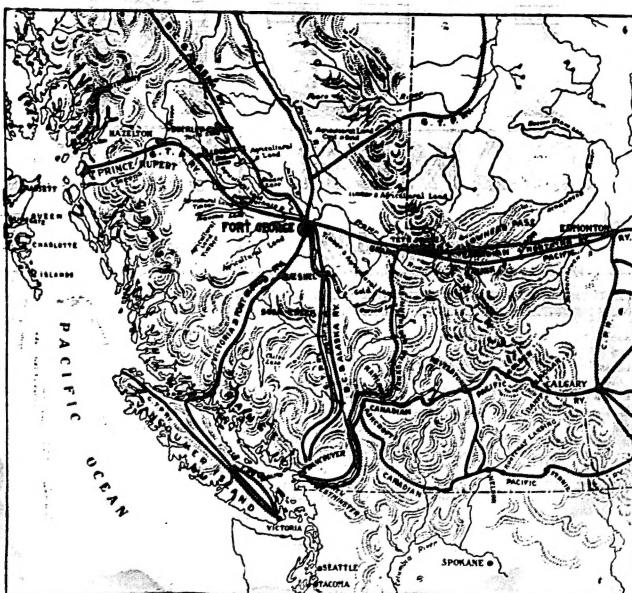
Address orders for seats to
GEO. H. SUCKLING
Harmony Hall Piano Warehouses, 257-39 Rice St.

Mischa Elman The Wonder of Europe

McDougall Auditorium, Mon.
day, May 1st. Seats \$2.00
and \$1.00. Plan at Harmony Hall.

FORT GEORGE

"The Hub of British Columbia"



PRICES.

City Lots from
\$130 to \$2,000

Five Acre Gardens

\$50 per acre

Farm Lands

**\$6.50 to \$30
Per Acre**

TERMS

\$10 to \$20 per month

No Interest

No Taxes

Six Reasons Why You Should Buy in Fort George

1.—BECAUSE of its natural location, situated midway between Edmonton and Prince Rupert.

2.—BECAUSE all railroads building through Central British Columbia, whether north, south, east or west, must build through Fort George, which will make it one of the greatest railroad centres on the Continent.

3.—BECAUSE it has 1238 miles of navigable waterways where steamers can ply north, south east and west.

4.—BECAUSE it has fifty million acres of the best agricultural and fruit lands.

5.—BECAUSE it has billions of feet of first-class milling timber.

6.—BECAUSE it has water power that can be developed into hundreds of thousands of horse power.

THE FORT GEORGE AND FRASER VALLEY LAND CO.
03 EIGHTH AVE. W., CALGARY. HEAD OFFICE 790 FIRST ST. EDMONTON PHONE 4173

Standard Realty Co.

E. HENDERSON Mgr.
636 First Street

House and lot on Kinistino, \$2,500.
Lot on Namayo \$250 a foot.
Acre lot in Roslyn, between First and Namayo \$1,000.
Good Bay on 6th St. incl. B. R. \$1800.
We have some good farms for sale. Call and look over
our list.

List your property with us.
STANDARD REALTY CO.
Phone 1506

Opportunities

The opportunity of a lifetime can only be taken advantage of during the lifetime of the opportunity. The following opportunities will be short lived. Grasp them before it is too late.

NAMAYO AVENUE
Lot 9, Block 18, R. L. 10, \$250. Good terms. This price is only good for two days.

GLENORA
A splendid lot in Block 57, \$1000. Terms easy.
GROAT ESTATE
Two lots in Block 46, \$1000 each.

INGLEWOOD
Three lots in Block 17, \$475 each.
One lot in Block 48 .8650
Two lots in Block 5, \$625

WESTMOUNT
Two lots in Block 20, \$425 each.

WESTWOOD
Extra good lot in Block 3, \$675.. Good terms.

CROMDALE
Three lots in Block 8, \$250 each.

NORWOOD

Double corner in Block 61, \$800. Easy terms.
If you are looking for an up-to-date house, a farm, vacant lots or anything in the way of Real Estate, it will pay you to see our lists before buying.

Stuart & Co.

54 FIRST ST. OPPOSITE ALBERTA COLLEGE PHONE 4403

THE CITY STOCK EXCHANGE

688 Jasper Ave. East. Phone 4403

A splendid lot with 2-room shack on it on Clark St. Price \$1375, half cash, balance 6 and 12 months.

A good 1/4 section about 8 miles north of the Fort, with shack on it, 30 acres have been broken. \$10.00 per acre.

Buy in Highland Park, you will do well by buying an acre there. High and dry, \$150.00 cash. A splendid buy on the corner of Wilson and Syndicate for \$2800.00 1/4 cash.

Some splendid buys in

Delton, Westmount, City View, Norwood. See us for Bargains.

A good house on River St. with stable \$2900. Cash \$600, a bargain.

Some good buys in King Edward Park Estate, will be worth a lot of money in a few weeks when the Mill Creek bridge is finished. \$130 per lot and up.

List your property with us, we have the buyers if your price is right.

Have you any houses to rent? We have the tenants.

PHONE 4403

for Bargains in all Real Estate, Stocks and Bonds.

C. A. Lowe

637 FIRST STREET

Two Lots on First St. South of Alberta Ave. \$1,800 each. Terms.

DOUBLE CORNER
Kinistino and Heiminck \$4,000
Good Terms.

C. A. LOWE

Phone 4511 637 First St. Edmonton

for those desirous of enjoying the ideal holiday. A general store is opening at Fallis and already a post office has commenced business. Fallis bids fair to become a charming summer resort and it lacks nothing to make it celebrated from a health point of view. Spring water in abundance and wild fruit galore can be had and the beach is firm and sandy. In addition to the store, the local residents can supply prime dairy products and the choicest garden products, the soil being particularly. It may be mentioned in passing that the new and delicious strawberry "Alberta's Pride", which was put on the market last year, is grown in the neighborhood. The lake abounds in a variety of fish. White fish are marketed, and the local fishermen supply these to campers. Very good eating, too, is the pickerel. It is commonly called "Jack fish", and can easily be caught. Some beautiful sunsets are seen on the lake. On a clear moonlight evening the whole lake is transformed into a huge mirror. There's a future in Store for Fallis.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY ANNUAL BANQUET

The brilliant success of last year's Banquet may be even exceeded at the Yale Hotel on Monday, April 24th, when in addition to members a large number of distinguished gentleman have signified their intention of being present. Invitations have been issued to His Honor Lieut.-Gov. Bulver, the Worship, the Mayor, Archdeacon Gray, the senior officers of the regiments, Major Jamieson and Col. Edwards; the President of the Board of Trade, and a number of leading citizens.

The musical programme is lengthy and varied, including many of the principal vocalists and musicians in Alberta, while the Toast List and responses should prove of a highly interesting character. Already tickets are at a premium and there is little doubt that in point of numbers there will not be a vacant chair in the newly erected and spacious dining hall.

MISCHA ELMAN

Mischa Elman's playing since his sensational debut a short time ago, has refuted all references as regards his being a prodigy. The young genius himself, on landing, stated that he desired to be judged according to the highest standards, and from this point of view, he has been accepted as the greatest exponent of the "King of Instruments" that has appeared since Wlondowski.

A critic of the New York World in his first review of Elman said: "I arrived at Carnegie Hall in time to hear the new violinist, Mischa Elman play the 'Tschaikowski concerto' and experienced a very definite and marked sensation."

"A few bars of exquisite tone, a few sweeps of that magic bow across the strings and the story of a great success and a real new musical production was told, for one knew at once that he was no prodigy, but a master, virile in conception, execution, force and emotion."

The Elman concert will be at the McDougall Auditorium, Monday, May 1st. The prices are at the lowest figure and the seat plan is at Harmony Hall.

WE

can suit you if you give us the chance

National Blend Coffee

is put up only by

The National Blend Tea Co.

Cor. Fraser & Heiminck

PHONE 2753

for a pound of our No. 3 at 40c. or No. 5 at 50c.

You will find these coffees unsurpassed by any at the price.

SHEFFIELD CHOIR WILL BE FETED ROYALLY IN CANADA

Following upon the heels of the great banquet tendered the Sheffield choir by the master cutler and business merchants of Sheffield in Cutlers' Hall on March 11, these famous singers are in for a round of functions directly the land on Canadian soil.

The two festival concerts of the Sheffield Choir will be held in the

new McDougall Auditorium on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 9th and 10th of May, as per the announcement in The Saturday News advertising columns. Mr. Geo. H. Suckling, of Harmony Hall states that the auditorium will for the two festival programs of the Sheffield choir provide only three thousand seats and that he expected fully 5,000 seats will be wanted by the public. Early orders for seatings is therefore urgent.

YOUR SUMMER HOME



ONE OF THE MANY LAUNCHES AT SEBA BEACH

SEBA BEACH

OF COURSE you want to own a Summer Home. There is something in you that calls for woods, cool waters, and broad, comfortable porches. When summer comes and brick walls and paving stones shimmer and quiver with the heat, you need rest and relaxation.

You may have to be in the city on business during the week, but you are refreshed and renewed by spending the week-ends at your summer home.

And it makes you glad to know that wife and babies are away from the glare, the noise, the dust, getting strong and rosy at your Summer Home.

No, this is no millionaire's dream. That summer home is within your reach. We have opened a subdivision on the shores of Lake Wabamun—the most beautiful of all the large lakes of Alberta, situated about 45 miles west of Edmonton on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway with a train service each way daily. There are a limited number of large lots, all at reasonable prices and exceptionally easy terms—first come, first served.

All information about terms, locations and building arrangements will be cheerfully supplied by

PALMER & MCINTYRE

Agents for Owners

F. C. LOWES & Co.

REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL & INSURANCE BROKERS MONEY
TO LOAN

TO THE INVESTOR

We are having continued success with

EVANSTON

Edmonton's leading inside subdivision. In offering this property to you we are placing before you an opportunity for an investment that cannot be excelled by any other subdivision on the market today. We will be pleased to show you this property at any time.

We are offering below some good residences for sale in different parts of the city.

On 43rd St., south of Victoria. Splendid 10-roomed all modern brick house with stable. \$7200. Small cash payment, balance arranged.

On 7th St., between Jasper and Victoria. An eleven roomed two storey frame house, all modern, consisting of two parlors, with fireplace, dining room, kitchen, and pantry, 5 bedrooms with closet to each, basement full size of house, furnace heated, water, light and phone. This a snap at \$7,000. Terms arranged to suit purchaser. Owner leaving city.

On 12th St., between Athabasca and Peace. A five roomed frame cottage, all modern, \$4200, \$2000 cash, balance arranged.

Three lots in Block 23, Inglewood, on St. James St., with four roomed frame cottage and green house, and stable for 6 horses. Also a nursery of about 2000 fruit and other trees, all wire fenced. Owner is leaving city and is offering this at a bargain. \$3200, good terms, or 10 per cent. for cash sale.

On 12th St., south of Victoria Ave., a 10 roomed all modern frame house, furnace heated, with basement. A 3 stall barn with water and light in rear. \$6,000, 3/4 cash, balance 6 and 12 months. \$1000.

On Picard St., between Kinistino and Syndicate Aves., a 7 roomed house, all modern, good basement, furnace heated, fireplace, also a stable for four horses. Only \$2000. \$1600 cash and assume mortgage.

On Fraser Ave., just north of Isabella St., 8 roomed frame house, all modern, frontage of 66ft. on Fraser Ave., good basement, furnace heated. \$7,000, 1-2 cash, balance arranged.

On Kennedy St., in Block 43, Norwood. 5 roomed bungalow with attic, all splendidly finished, furnace heated, two blocks from car line, only \$1900. Small cash payment, balance arranged.

We will be pleased to show you any of these residences at any time.

F. C. LOWES & Co.

PHONE 4064

28 JASPER AVENUE EAST

NATIONAL REALTY & INVESTMENT Co. Ltd.

Phone 2413

Dominion Bank Building

HOUSES FOR SALE

House and lot on Bellamy St., 13 rooms, fully modern,	\$6000
House and lot on Tenth St., between Victoria and McKay,	\$5500
Seventh St., south of Jasper, 2 8 roomed modern houses,	\$5300 each
1 10 roomed modern house	\$6500
INGLEWOOD	
Lot 1, Block 18, \$550.	
Lot 6, 7 and 8, Block 23, \$500 each.	
Lot 1 to 4, Block 34, \$1650	

HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from page four.)

Mrs. Bulyea will receive for Mrs. Frank Oliver on Monday next from four to six o'clock.

Mrs. H. C. Wilson and Miss Violin Wilson are visiting in Winnipeg, en route for home, where they are expected about the 1st of May.

Mrs. Ponton was the hostess of a jolly Bridge for her niece, Miss Armour, on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Stewart, who has been in the Civil Service at the Capital for some time, and a very popular guest at "Updown," leaves this Saturday on a G. T. P. survey up the Yellowhead Pass.

Mrs. Dickins is entertaining this (Friday) evening in honor of Mrs. Frank Oliver and Mrs. F. E. McArthur.

Miss Winnifred Macdonald is leaving on the first of the week for her home in Winnipeg.

Madame Thibaudeau was the hostess at an enjoyable tea in honor of Mrs. Oliver on Friday afternoon of this week.

Mrs. Fred Booth, of Ottawa, expects to spend the summer in Edmonton with her children, and will take a house there. Miss Kitty Haycock and Miss Lily McGee will probably accompany Mrs. Booth to Edmonton as her guests.—Winnipeg Free Press.

In honor of Mrs. Frank Oliver, of Ottawa, Mrs. T. B. Molloy entertained at a luncheon in the vice-regal suite of the Royal Alexandra on Wednesday. Easter lilies and violets graced the table at which covers were laid for the following guests: Mrs. Oliver, Lady Schulz, Mrs. Robert Rogers, Mrs. Colin Marshall, Mrs. Mathers, Mrs. William Whyte, Madame Gauthier, Mrs. Bury, Mrs. William Harvey, Mrs. R. M. Denniston, and Mrs. Bourgouin.—Winnipeg Town Topics.

The Edmonton branch of the Women's Art Association will hold a musical in the King Edward Hotel on the evening of May 2. The aims and objects of the Association will be explained. The hopes and ambitions of the branch will be told that all may fully understand its innermost workings.

Notice of the programme will be given later.

Patronesses—Mrs. Bulyea, Mrs. J. D. Hyndman, Mrs. Ferris, Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. Broadus, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Hinnaid, Mrs. Dickins and Mrs. Hart.

Mrs. Gorman, 750 Fourth St., will receive for the first time next Wednesday.

The REASON
why our stores are always busy because the quality of our meats is always the best and our prices right. Come along and give us a trial order. You will be sure to come again.
Prime Rib Roasts of Beef per lb. 15c.
Choice Rolled Roasts of Beef per lb. 15c.
Extra choice Shoulder Roasts of Beef per lb. 12 1/2c.
Loin of Choice Young Pork per lb. 20c.
Shoulder roasts of young Pork per lb. 14c.

Adams Meat Co.
STORES
33 Whyte Ave., Strathcona.
Phone 2223.
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Inspecting Subdivision Stuff and Manufacturing Sites of which I am sole agent

160 acres about 40 minutes' drive from Edmonton City Post Office, all wire fenced, good dwelling, etc., etc. Has 630 feet frontage
In Elm Park.
Also 200 acres with splendid improvements, close to City.
Also 282 acres with magnificent River View, close to City.
13 of the large lots close to the new bridge on Marjorie St. All mineral rights go with this property.
20 acres, five minutes drive from City limit:
In Elm Park.
5 " more or less in Westmount, on main line C. N. R. in the city.
Also 282 acres with magnificent River View, close to River—River Lot 20.

- 5 acres, only two miles from Post Office \$3,000.
- 7 1/4 acres in Bremer Estate \$2800, \$600 cash; balance 4 yearly payments at 8 per cent.
- 5 acres in Bremer Estate, House 24x48, barn for 82 head, granary, two wells, windmill, other sheds, etc., \$5000. 1/2 cash, balance to suit.
- 5 acres in Brooklyn, facing Namayo Ave., \$3250 each at 8 per cent.
- 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 Block 20, Dominion Park \$400 per acre.
- 1/2 acre Lot, Block B, Groat Estate \$5500
- All Block 31 in Glenora \$8000.
- 5 acres (about) in Glenora, contains 34 lots, good trackage property.
- Acre lot 14 in Hempriggs, facing St. Albert trail in Block 5, \$1500, \$950 cash.
- Block 17, acre lot 3, Hempriggs, \$1350, \$450 cash.
- 2 acres Nos. 1 and 2 in Hyde Park, \$500 each, 1-2 cash.
- Acre lot 2, Block 6, Hagmann Estate, \$1000, 1-3 cash.
- Acre lot 5, Block 9, Hagmann, \$1000, \$200 cash balance 1, 2, 3 years at 8 per cent.
- 150,000 acres Wild Land.
- 125 Ready Made Farms.
- 4 ready stocked Farms.
- City property of every description.
- Trackage and Warehouse sites.

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Empire Theatre

W. B. SHERMAN Mgr. PHONE 2185

8 Nights—Commencing April 21st—8 Nights

Max Dill of Kolb Dill

Supported by an Excellent Company of 80 PEOPLE 80

In the Beautiful Musical Comedy

"Lonesome Town"

Tuesday, April 25th in "DREAM CITY"

PRICES—Reserved \$2.00, \$1.50 & \$1.00. Gallery 50c.

MATINEE—Adults \$1.00; Children 50c.



Scene in "Lonesome Town," Max Dill Company, Empire Theatre, April 21, 22, 24.